

[Judge J. J. Dillard]

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[?]

[Warren, Ivey G.]

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Lubbock County

District 17

[A?] Bob Cat Tale Of the [West?]

Pg.1 [?] [Bibliography?].

[Judge J. J. Dillard?].

[It?] was terrible dry out in the west in [1906's?] said Judge J. J. Dillard. "By the first of June the grass in the pastures was simply burned up[?] I had [made a trip?] down to Big Springs and on the 7th of June I decided to return to Lubbock on the Stage Coach. It was awfully hot and sultry that afternoon, the wind had been blowing like a gals from the northwest for about three days. Along about 4 o'clock a heavy cloud began to gather in the west. This sort of weather always did make as feel drowsy and as I was the only passenger on the coach I just made myself as comfortable as I could and settled for a nap. I do not know how long I had been asleep, but when we got to the Colorado River, the clank, clank of the horses hoofs on the long bridge and the rumble of the coach wheels awoke me. I sat up and [started?] around, the wind had stopped blowing, and the clouds had lowered, except for the noise of the horses and the [carriage?], and [ominous?] silence [brooded?] over the country-side. [At?] first I could not see anything distinctly,

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[an?] [??] was [creeping?] over the earth, when we rolled off of the bridge and was on the country road again, I stared with [?] eyes at the strange aspect of [the?] little bushes and trees on either side of [the?] us - as they stood with purple [?] still and spectral - waiting the break of the storm.

[What?] is that thing?", I cried out to the driver, as something ran across the road in front of us, I rub rubbed my eyes. "Is that a panther?"

"No" the driver answered, "It is a bob cat". He kind of laughed. "Is that the first one you ever saw?"

"Stop and let me out of here", I yelled. "I am going to kill that thing". He stopped and I got out and ran back a few steps until I was about a hundred and fifty 150 yards from him, then I let him have it. He moved [just?] as I pulled the trigger and the load hid him right in the top of the left shoulder." 2 "Fight", Judge Dillard grinned. "No, I did not give him time to fight [.] He had just raised up on his hind feet when I turned loose again [.] I got him that time too".

"I always imagined that he had wandered a little farther from his haunts than usual that day [.] It was probably getting hard for him to find much to eat [.] The drouth had made food for animals scarce, and he was forced to search beyond the wooded river bottom but when the storm [approached?] the bob cat sought the shelter of the trees and the bushes that grow along the Colorado."